

Bathing Suit by PlusSizeReader

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove x Plus size!reader

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Summary: There is a pool party at the Hawkins public pool and Billy wants to take the reader, his gf. But she doesn't have a suit and doesn't want to go in the first place. What is a man to do?

Bathing Suit

Billy was a flirt, and charming too. You knew that, it was one of the things that drew you to him in the first place. What you didn't like, was when that flirting bled out into the real world with other people.

Other people at the public pool, specifically.

It didn't matter to you that Billy was working as a life guard and it was his job to be around them all day. You were his girlfriend and the only way you were getting to see him at all anymore was going to the pool.

...And that just wasn't going to happen.

Anyone who's thighs met in the middle or who didn't have washboard abs knew that bathing suits were hell and there was no way you were going to put on some skimpy piece of fabric just to parade around everything you hated about yourself.

There was no way in hell.

"What do you mean you aren't going?" Billy bellowed, rolling his eyes at you for the fifth time today. You could be impossible sometimes.

You and Billy had been talking about going to the pool party together for weeks and naturally he'd assumed you would go with him. As it would turn out, you had different plans entirely.

Not only were you not going to the pool party, but you weren't even considering it when he'd asked before. You had just informed him that you wanted no part of it, and to be honest, he was bummed.

You were his lady, and the idea that you weren't going to be there with him was no good at all. It was bad enough that he spent all of his time with middle-ages moms and twelve-year-old's, but now he couldn't even get you to spend time with him.

"I mean, I'm not going" you repeated, folding your arms across your chest. You had already made up your mind. There was nothing Billy

could do or say that would change your mind.

You would not be going, period.

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You couldn't help but huff, letting your head slam back against the headrest of Billy's leather passenger seat. Somehow, he'd talked you into heading to the mall this morning and you wanted to die.

"Come on, you aren't seriously mad at me, are you?" he asked, looking over at you with that look on his face. You didn't even have to look to know.

You didn't answer him of course, the silent treatment was the only way to get through to Billy. Pretty soon, he was going to start getting very frustrated, but it was his problem to deal with, not yours.

All you did was nod, turning your entire body toward the door. The car continued zooming down the road toward the Star-court mall but you could tell his eyes were no longer on the road.

Billy's attention was fully poised on you, making you more and more irritable with every moment.

"Fine, be mad but you're going to that party with me" he informed, turning the volume dial up that much more. You could hardly hear but it didn't really matter, now you were upset...more upset than before.

You had specifically told Billy that you weren't going to go and he was crazy if he thought he could make you. Besides, there was a much bigger glaring problem in the way.

"I don't even have a bathing suit, how am I supposed to go to a pool party?" you countered, breaking the silence between you two almost instantly. You had been stewing over that for a full four minutes and now you were ready to talk it over.

Billy knew you so well, that was why he hadn't stressed over your pouting in the first place. He knew you far too well for his own good, and your own.

“That would be why we’re going to the mall, sweetcheeks” he answered, turning his head toward you, those sparkling eyes of his covered by the plastic of his sunglasses.

You weren’t happy about it but at this point, it was more worth your while to just sit in silence and accept your fate than to continue to fight Billy once he’d made up his mind.

As stubborn and hard-headed as you were, it was possible that Billy was worse and you weren’t in the mood to deal with it right now. If he wanted to push you into a panic attack over some bathing suit, then you’d let him and he’d have to deal with the consequences.

One thing was for sure though, Billy was going to pay dearly for making you do this.

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The first store Billy picked was Merry-Go-Round, a place that a lot of the girls at school shopped at but you’d never stepped foot into. You were less than thrilled but followed Billy into the store regardless.

He held your hand as he rounded the racks, looking for the perfect thing. “Feel free to grab anything you like” he prompts, taking you with him around the entire swimwear section a few times to get you looking.

There were a few options, but nothing quite as sexy and youthful as you’d been hoping for. There were few choices for women of your size to begin with and they were never attractive looking.

You ran into the same problem when bra shopping but you weren’t about to start that conversation with Billy again.

The man could tell you were starting to get overwhelmed, so he found another way.

“Baby, go grab a dressing room...I’ll bring the suits to you and you can just try them on” he suggested. It wasn’t a terrible idea even though you were doubtful that it would work.

To tell the truth, you were just glad to get out of the judgmental gaze

of the store clerks, who had been ogling Billy and whispering about you since you walked in the door.

You should have been used to it, considering you went everywhere with him but it wasn't something you wanted to deal with. Girls flirted with Billy all the time and you just couldn't handle it. It wasn't okay but you couldn't stop it, so it was easier to turn a blind eye to it.

Your footsteps were heavy as you approach the bright colored dressing room, pulling back the curtain and retreating inside.

As it would turn out, Billy was doing some extensive shopping because you sat there, on that tiny white bench for what seemed like an eternity until he finally pulled back that obnoxious aqua curtain.

"Sorry sweets, I just think you'll look so good in all these" he explained, hanging up at least a dozen hangers on the rack and leaving you to it. You took his retreat as your prompt to start looking through them but you weren't thrilled.

The first few didn't even make it past your thighs, which in all honesty was kind of a relief. If you couldn't find a bathing suit that you could wear, then you wouldn't have to go to the pool party.

The next couple were better, making it past your thick thighs and tummy rolls but you didn't think they looked very good. This was the hard part.

The bathing suits that fit were like cruel jokes because there was no reason you couldn't wear them except for your own expectations of what your body looked like. You were your own worst critic when it came to things like this, and you weren't really in the mood to fight it.

Still, Billy had come with you and he wasn't going to let you bully yourself into hating every single piece to grace your curves.

Just as you'd finished latching the top of the bikini, the curtain was pulled back revealing the man you loved so much.

You started to yell at him for exposing you, telling him that you may not have been done changing but thought better of it. It would make

little difference to Billy anyway and you'd just be wasting your breath.

At first, he said nothing. He was taking in your reflection in the mirror, admiring how the fabric clung to your body in all the right places and how perfectly the color complemented your beautiful complexion.

You looked stunning and it was hard for Billy to contain the hum that left his throat as he admired his lady.

This was one of those times that he couldn't believe that you were his girlfriend, and that out of all the total losers in the world, you'd chosen him. He had to be the luckiest guy in the world and it didn't matter if he had to drag you there kicking and screaming, you were going to that pool party on his arm.

The rest of the world had to see just how gorgeous Billy Hargrove's girl was.